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ORIGINAL POSTRY. UPPER FERRY BRIDGE, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.



The environs of the city naturally afford many beautiful and picturesque scenes, which have been improved by the hand of genius, and disposed into a greater variety; but of all the most elegant and beautiful, none is so charming as that of the Upper Ferry Bridge. The beautiful river Schuylkill winds its course at the foot of those high grounds which confine its channel on the east, while the opening landscape, stretching to the west, enlivens, with all the varieties of light and shade, innumerable objects of curiosity or delight, receding in endless perspective till it terminates in the clouds.

The woody skirt of the western bank embosoms with its deep foliage the fringed edge of the river stream, while the alternations of shade and sun are reflected in every variety, and presents a pleasing contrast to the expansive sheet of water, which glides in unimpeded current till it falls over the precipice at the dam, awakening, with its ceaseless roar, the most sublime sensations, and producing involuntary exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

A short distance below the dam, the bridge, as if by magic, seems to leap across the bed of the stream, and affords, from its lofty height, another variety in the diversified landscape. The span of the arch is 340 feet, and forms a segment of a circle, whose regular bearing and proportions add strength and safety by the pressure of its weight. It was built by Lewis Wernag and Joseph Johnston, by contract with the Lancaster Schuylkill Bridge Company, in the year 1813, and, together with the road, cost about \$140,000. The stock of this bridge company is divided into 1627 shares, each share valued at \$100.

The bridge is built on strong boulders, and at a great depth below the surface. It is covered with a roof, and enclosed at the sides, with windows for the admission of air and light; and affords a safe, pleasant, and convenient passage for travellers, with a partition in the middle through its whole length, which allows carriages the right hand, without risk of interruption or embarrassment. The Ferry House, on the west side, is a neat, comfortable building, capable of accommodating large parties, who, in their excursions thither from the city, may find it well worth the trouble to visit, and to give a splendid specimen of the rapid progress of the arts amongst our enterprising mechanics.

Fifty years ago, when Fairmount presented a

Written for the Saturday Evening Post. THE BLEEDING HEART. A dark cloud hung over Cedar Valley, and a drizzling mist had watered profusely the thick grass around the low planted cottage that stood hid among the trees at the foot of the hill. But the window that looked down the narrow road towards the village, was open, though it was past the hour of eleven at night, and Mary sat pale and dejected by it, resting her cheek upon her hand, and looking out upon the gloomy sky, and listening with all the deep and anxious expectation of a tender wife, for the approach of her absent husband.

De Lancy had not always kept such hours as this; he was once fond, affectionate, attentive to her every want and wish, and as careful of her happiness as of his own life; when she married him, he was gay and cheerful, rich and virtuous, and she had joined her hand in with the bright prospect of a long life of conjugal bliss full before her.

But now his brow wore the aspect of deep and settled gloom;—he seemed to be himself no more—some secret disquietude preyed upon his mind, the spright of which lay concealed from her view.

Sometimes she thought he loved her no longer, but the thought almost broke her heart, and she banished it.—She hoped for the best, and now waited his return with all the impatience of wronged, but silent, unrequited affection.—As midnight approached, the streaks of lightning began to flash along the woodlands, and at intervals the deep and hollow-thunder rolled across the western arch of heaven; the clouds dropped rain in large quantities, and the quiet of the night yielded to the stormy beauty of a coming tempest.

She rose and closed the window with a heavy sigh; at that moment, a flash unlike that of lightning, at the edge of the woods, directly down the road, and a report, as of a pistol, startled her, she threw open the window again, all was silent, then a faint voice seemed crying in the wood, she listened, and thought she gathered the sound of murder; but the thunder rolled again, and the red lightning flashed angrily, and a howling wind rose up and moaned dimly along the forest. She fastened down the latch, and threw herself beside her sleeping infant on the bed, clapping them most violently, and her whole frame trembled with terror. A brief

space elapsed, and the hurried tread of a horse

was heard coming up the road; the gate creaked on its hinges; she heard De Lancy's voice. No, no, Bob, let me get off, this is bad business, we are both crazy—no, no, Bob, you don't smell the blood now; Lord how the lightning flashes, there is blood on my arm yet—no, no. The horse was led away to the stable; she heard the door shut and the key turned, and presently De Lancy rapped at the door. She flew to open it, and her husband entered with a wild and agitated air, pale and besmeared with mire and blood.

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